PHINO-GODOL.

A

POEM.

IN

HUDIBRASTICK VERSE.

In Two CANTO's.

We hear that the Effigies of the late ingenious WILLIAM CONGREVE, *Esq; done in Wax-Work, at the Expence of* 200l. *and which was kept at a Person of Quality's in St.* James's, *was broke to Pieces by the Careleſneſs of a Servant in bringing it down Stairs laſt* Monday *Night.*

Daily-Poſt. Numb. 3997.

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Contains a ref. to a mezzotint of 'Polly', the heroine of Gay's "Beggar's Opera", on p.7, lines 21-24.

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JUNE 15, 1927

PHINO-GODOL.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

What first gave Birth to this Essay;
What Thoughts arising we display.
Of Statues, Pyramids, a Word;
Which are Praise-worthy, which absurd.
The sev'ral Traps *for* Fame *we shew,*
As practis'd by the Monde, *call'd,* Beau.
The forming of th' Effigies,
Which caus'd succeeding Miseries,
We next describe, with what nice Care,
HOTONTA *manag'd this Affair.*

HOW oft from *Trifles*, *Hints* we take,
That *truly Noble Subjects* make!
What *great Discoveries*, by Aid
Of *simplest Incidents* are made!
To th' * *Anvil* and the *Hammer* we
Indebted stand for *Harmony*;

As

* PYTHAGORAS found out Musick by the beating of a Smith's Hammer.

As from our *Shadows* in the Sun
Painting in Sketches rude begun.
Phlebotomy, that uſeful Art,
A *Prick of Thorn* did firſt impart,
And † *Gravitation* too was found
By Fall of Apple to the Ground;
As from a *paltry* * *Cart* we boaſt
A Paradiſe regain'd and loſt.
But among all Inventions,
Moſt *Droll* is that of making Guns,
Which owe their Name, as ſome pretend,
To ARBOR VITÆ's Form and End.
Nor is there aught that contradicts
Th' Aſſertion of their Riſe from ----;
For as the *Monk*, who found their Uſe,
And th' killing Trade did introduce,
Aboliſhing, 'twixt ireful Foes,
Dexterity of Handy-Blows;
Had ſtorm'd, with that ſame Inſtrument,
The Fort of many a Penitent,
He might, from its Dimenſions, well,
When viciouſly ſtretch'd out in Cell,

† The Syſtem of Gravitation is ſaid to have ſprung from Sir ISAAC NEWTON's obſerving the Fall of an Apple from a Tree, as he was walking in his Garden.

* 'Tis conjectured, that MILTON firſt conceived the Idea of his excellent Poem from an abſurd dramatic Performance, entitled, ADAMO, and exhibited under the Characters of Angels and Devils, ADAM and EVE, and the Seven deadly Sins, introducing the Serpent and the Apple, when he was on his Travels, during the Carnival at *Florence*, on a Stage little better than a Cart.

Imagine ſuch an Emblem caſt
In Braſs, would Man deſtroy as faſt;
And from the *Teſ-cles* might take
The Hint how *Cannon-Balls* to make.

Thus, to a *ſingle Paragraph*,
(A ſimple Thing to make one laugh)
I' th' DAILY-POST, a while ago,
The World th' enſuing Work does owe.
A Work of *Labour*, and of *Pain*,
As well as *Genius* and Brain;
Which *Secrets* does unfold moſt rare;
(So wonderful! they'll make you ſtare!)
And will tranſmit my Name to *Poſt* ---
When other Monuments are loſt;
For if the Cauſe did not produce
The ſame Effect, 'twere of no Uſe.
Statues and *Pyramids*, no doubt,
Will ſtand 'gainſt Time a ſturdy Bout;
But HOMER's Writings will be read,
When th' others are in Ruin laid.

They were erected to the Sages,
And Hero's of preceding Ages,
B' *Egyptian*, *Græcian*, *Roman* Dons,
To recompence *great Actions*;

And he'd the largeſt Pile of Stone,
Who moſt cou'd boaſt of *Goodneſs* done.
So that, by this, fair Play was ſhewn
For ev'ry one to ſeek Renown;
It made the Road of Glory common,
And was forbid, 'tis plain, to no Man;
'Twas *Deeds* alone the *Hero made*,
And not the *Artiſt's Handy-Trade*.

Our later *Moderns*, who excel
In imitating *bad Things*, *well*,
Muſt have them too at any rate:
They merit them by *good Eſtate*,
And ſhew the World in various Shapes,
That they'r no more than downright Apes.
Some are of true *Corinthian*,
Of Order right *Equeſtrian*;
Others of *Marble*, or of *Stone*,
Of *Gold* and *Silver* few or none,
Tho' all the *Records moſt* do bear,
Is *when Folks liv'd* and *dy'd*, and *where*;
Like HOMER, who *Names ſounding* made,
On purpoſe to be *knock'd o' th' Head*;
Or as an Arrow cuts the Wind,
And cloſes up as faſt behind.

Another Set of Men there are,
Whoſe Pockets cannot reach ſo far;
And thus, by being *thinner* lin'd,
Their Vanity's of Courſe confin'd.
They're forc'd to take a diff'rent way
To bring their *Merits* into Play,
And raiſe a *Talk* of *this* and *that*,
And, after all, for *Lord knows what.*
Five Pieces will a great way go
Towards the making of a Shew:
If *high Encomiums* delight,
Authors enow you'll find to write,
In *Proſe*, or *Verſe*, or in them *both*,
For, like to *Tradeſmen*, they are loth,
To turn *good Cuſtomers* away,
When *Speeches fine* will make them ſtay.
Have you a mind your *Arms* to know,
The *Court of Honour* ſoon will ſhew;
But if you add a few Pounds more,
They'll *find* them, had you *none* before.
Wou'd you be drawn in *Mezzotin*--
As POLLY, or a MISAUBIN,
By only this ſmall Matter giving,
You may be *wonder'd at* while *living*;
For't gives a Pleaſure very ſweet,
To ſee ourſelves in ev'ry Street;

'Bove

'Bove all when Crouds of People ſtop
T' admire our *Phizzes* in a Shop,
Or if a *Painter* you'd imploy
To draw ſome fav'rite Girl, or Boy;
It very ſtrongly will imply
Your having the *Ability*,
And ſerve your Family to ſhew
To Viſiters that come and go.

Examine we that Fabrick *dread*,
The *Nobleſt* Store-Houſe of the Dead,
And 'mong the ſev'ral Regions,
You'll find a Tomb of Comick *Con's*,
Erected to his Memory,
By Great HOTONTA *worthily*;
Not *undeſerv'd* --- ſuch Excellence
Moſt *juſtly* claims that Deference;
For *Deeds*, as proves th' *Inſcription odd*,
Enrol his Name a *Demi-God*;
Ergo, the *Honour* paid to *Him*,
Has more of *Action*, than of *Whim*.

But neither did this Proof ſuffice:
He was not *preſent* to her Eyes.
Pictures and *Prints* ſhe now poſſeſſes,
And oft ingenious CONNY bleſſes;

But

But long nor this, nor that contents;
She ſomething *more of Subſtance* wants;
Something that ſhe might, with her Arm,
Stroke o'er, and Finger ev'ry Charm;
Might privately ſurvey the Part,
That made the Conqueſt of her Heart.
Money, the Soul of *War* and *Love*,
Which makes the Wheels of all Things move,
Was fluent with her, and could bring
Her Purpoſes to any thing.

An Artiſt ſtrait, of beſt known Skill,
Is made ſubſervient to her Will;
His Price, they ſay, a *good Bank Bill.*

She now, judicious, gives a Plan
To raiſe in WAX the GOD-LIKE Man.
She ſhews his *Statue*, how't muſt be;
Aſſigns the Limbs their Symmetry.
Make *Face* and *Eyes*, ſays ſhe, *juſt ſo* ---
But let the *Noſe* be *long* --- you know ---
Somewhat approaching ... that below.

The Figure form'd, with lively Grace,
Having for *Niche*, a *curious Caſe*,
She viſits oft the *dear-lov'd* Place.

Breaths out her ſoft Deſires, ſome ſay,
Full Half a Dozen Times a Day;
And thus, for Years, ſhe has gone on,
As if ſhe never meant t' have done
Lamenting for APOLLO's Son.

But, lo! a Judgment ſingular
Befals the *Wax-work*, and the *Fair*;
Which, in the Sequel, we propoſe,
For your Inſtruction, to diſcloſe.

CANTO

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

For Reaſons, which we can't aſſign,
Tranſplanted was the worſhipp'd Shrine.
What dire Diſaſter it befel,
We here impartially ſhall tell,
With all Diſputes, both Pro *and* Con,
That roſe from thir Deſtruction.
Her Reſolution next we paint,
Tho', after all, there's nothing in't.

IT happen'd, O! the fatal Day!
That TOM was order'd to convey
The Relick to another Room,
(Perhaps it better wou'd become.)
Poor TOM, being aukward, let it fall,
Which made *to pay the Devil and all.*
The Caſe and Figure, ſo well poliſh'd,
Is fractur'd now, and quite demoliſh'd:
It came with ſuch a Swank to th' Ground,
That ſcarce a Morſel whole is found.

He

He ſtrives to patch it up again,
But all his Labour is in vain;
As ſimple *Miſs*, whoſe Maiden-head
Has many a Month and Year been fled,
Tries various Tricks, before her Marriage,
In hopes to hide the ſmall Miſcarriage;
Or Boy, who having broke to ſmaſh,
Thro' Accident, a Pipe or Glaſs,
Eſſays to make it as before,
'Till forc'd to give th' Endeavour o'er.
No Surgeon, no Anatomiſt,
" Tho' he were good as ever piſt,
Cou'd th' Splinters join -- 'twas paſt the Skill
Of Man to remedy the Ill.
Damn it, cries Tom, what ſhall I do?
Some curs'd bad Luck wou'd come I knew --
My Mind miſgave me -- damn the Maid!
See what a Piece of Soap here's laid!
Well might it happen this Diſgrace --
Oons! I ſhall ſurely loſe my Place!
At the worſt Seaſon too o' th' Year,
When Places are, like Money, rare.
In ſhort, I'll ſay -- what ſhall I ſay?
I'll e'en ſay nought -- I'll run away;
But then my Wages -- they are loſt,
As well as Moll, my fav'rite Toaſt.

No;

No; it will be, I think, much better
To put a bold Face on the Matter.
If you'll be trod upon, you may;
And *tamely ſuffering* is the Way.

Ye ſubtle Powers! (Tom having read,
Theſe Lines pop'd, *apropos*, in's Head)
If e'er *Dilemma* claim'd your Pity,
Inſtruct me now, with Malice witty,
And ſo direct me in my Courſe,
As Pardon may be giv'n by Force.
Frame me a Tale ſhall move a Mind,
To ſocial Virtues ne'er inclin'd;
But ſhou'd I fail by *Eloquence*,
O, then, aſſiſt me *Impudence*!

I' faith, cries Tom, that's very right;
So ſtrait recovers he his Fright.
He now reſolves, whate'er ſhall hap,
To ſtand Horatio's Thunder-Clap.

After this arduous, doubtful Strife,
About the important Things of Life;
How to preſerve theſe three *entire*,
Tom's Place, his Wages, and his *Dear*,

French Madam, the Conceſſion hearing,
Comes down--cries *pardi* (that's mock-ſwearing)
Dis be de ver fine Vork, *ma foy!*
Vat ſay my Lady, *mechant* Boy,
To ſee de Form of dat *cher Homme*,
Thus broke to piece--Ah, Tom! Ah, Tom!
Good *Mademoiſelle*, a Word or two
For me--I'll do as much for you.
Tom ſooths, looks big, denies it ſtout,
Then frankly owns how 't came about.
He ſays, Confeſſion of a Fault
Is half Forgiveneſs, in his Thought;
But all the luckleſs Dog could ſay
Avail'd not--he was turn'd away;
And whether this ſame *Mademoiſelle*
Prov'd Friend, or Foe, we cannot tell;
'Tis ſure Hotonta, if ſhe cou'd,
Wou'd have exacted Blood for Blood;
At leaſt, his Sight ſhe wou'd not bear,
Who'd been her Conny's *Murderer*.

And now ſh' indulges wild Diſpair,
And frets, and fumes, and rends her Hair.
No Victuals wou'd ſhe eat that Day,
And, tho' ſhe faſted, cou'd not pray.

Her Houſe, a Houſe of Lamentation,
Where every thing's in Fermentation;
No Peace, or Quiet, find you there;
Both High and Low the Sorrow ſhare.
Scarce any Company is ſeen,
And when ſhe does, ſhe's in the Spleen:
'Tis much if only ſhe'll afford
Each Viſiter a ſingle Word;
In *Reſvery* ſo very deep
Sometimes, you'd ſwear ſhe was aſleep.
Others ſhall wait whole Hours, and then,
Polite! ſhe bids them come again.

And is the dear, good Man, then loſt?
And am I to be always croſt?
Will the Impartial Gods ne'er grant,
That Woe ſeize thoſe alone who want?
Shall not the Rich, and high in Birth,
Command moſt Happineſs on Earth?
Ye Gods! ye Trees! ye murmuring Brooks!
Be ye my Comfort, with my Books.
Henceforth, HOTONTA, Man deteſt,
No longer with thy CONNY bleſt;
Henceforth renounce the worthleſs Sex,
Nor let 'em more thy Peace perplex;

But

But uſe the Slaves, that proſtrate fall,
As thou wert wedded to them all.
O, deareſt CONNY! for thy Sake,
This Reſolution ſad I make.
O, Shade immortal! (does ſhe cry)
Twice it was given to Thee to die.
A ſecond * Burial thou ſhalt have;
Nobler ſhall be thy ſecond Grave;
Encircled with the Muſes Nine,
Their darling Friend, as well as *mine*.
Come, dear CONNELIA, come, my Love,
Help me the *Manes* to remove.
Let 'em no longer on the Floor
Be ſtrew'd about, or trampled o'er;
Let us collect them, and bemoan;
For thou muſt give me Groan for Groan.
So when ABSYRTUS' monſtrous Fate,
They did to th' † *Colchian* King relate,
The good old Man, like tender Father,
The ſcatter'd Limbs with Care did gather.

* When the Funeral Solemnity is performed, the Publick may expect to have a particular Narration of the Interment.
† Father to ABSYRTUS and MEDEA.

F I N I S.